

A RETIRED BUSINESS WOMAN.

A Page From Her History.

A Page From Her History.

The important experiences of others are interesting. The following is no exception: "I had been troubled with heart disease 23 years, much of that time very seriously. For live years I was treated by one physician continuously. I was in business, but obliged to retire on account of my health. A physician told my friends that I could not live a month. My feet and ilmbs were badly swollen, and I was indeed in a serious condition when a gentleman directed my attention to Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and said that his sister, who had been afflicted with heart disease, had been cured by the remedy, and was again a strong, healthy woman. I purchased a bottle of the Heart Cure, and in less than an hour after taking the first dose I could feel a decided improvement in the circulation of my blood. When I had taken three doses I could move my ankles, something I had not done for months, and my limbs had been swollen so long that they seemed almost putrified. Before I had taken one bottle of the New Heart Cure the swelling had all gone down, and I was so much better that I did my own work. On my recommendation six others are taking this valuable remedy."—Mrs. Morgan, 650 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

'Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, a discovery of an eminent specialist in heart disease, is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Ekhart, Ind., on receipt of price, St. per bottle, six bottles for 56, express prepaid. It is positively free from all opiates or dangerous drugs.

Sold by all druggists.

THE DAY OF WORSHIP. Time for Holding Services by the Several Churches. EVANGELICAL.—Church 16:30 s. m., 7 p. m. Suaday School 9 s. m., Prayer Meeting Wedneeday, 7 p. m. Bev. Green Pas-tor.

tor.
SBYTERIAN.—Church10:30 a. m., 7 p. m.
Sunday School 12 (m., Prayer Meeting,
Thursday, 7 p. m. Rev. M. L. Donauer, Pas-

tor
T. AUGUSTINE. — Mass 8 a. m., High Mass 10
a. m., Vespers 2 p. m. Brv. M. Purrz, Pastor.
METHODIST. — Church 10:30 a. m., 7p. m., Sabbath School 9:15 a. m., Young People's Meeting 5:30 p. m., Epworth Lesgue Meeting, Wednesday, 7p. m., Prayer Meeting Thursday, 7p. m. Rev. I. N. Kain, Pastor. PAUL'S LUTHERAN.—Church 2:30p. m., (or 10 a. m., as announced previous Sunday) Sun-day School? a.m. Rgv. W. L. Fisher, Pastor.

JOHNS LUTHERAN.—In Freedom Twp., Church 10a. m. Rev. W. L. Fishers, Pastor., EMANUAL'S LUTHERAN.—Church 2:30 p. m. SundaySchool10a. m. Rev. L. Danmonn

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN. - Napoleon Twp Churchio a.m. Rev. L. Dammonn, Pastor. UNITED BRETHREN.—South Napoleon; church every week, 10:30 a.m. and in the events at 7:30. Prayer meeting Thursday 7 p. m REV. I. D. INGLE, Pastor. UNITED BRETHREN-McClure ; church 10 a m.

everyother-lunday, beginning January 18, 1891. Rabbath-chool 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursdays.7 p.m Ray. John Sheller, Pas-tor.

COUNTY RECORD

COUNTY OFFICERS. Common Pleas Judge ..., J. M. Sheets
Clerk ... D. C. Brown
Probate Judge ... J. V. Ouff.
Prosecuting Attorney ... J. P. Ragan

Treasurer	
	J. C.G
Recorder	
Surveyor	W. O. Hude
Coroner	J. S. H
A contract of the	1 D. T. B
Commission	ers > Mat Rel
	Levi K
fudaması tı	rectors
	miners W. M. W. M. W. Mrs. Sue Welste
School Exa	miners > Mrs. Sue Welste
	T
Janitor	August Hirsels
CORI	PORATION OFFICERS.
Marce	D. Meekis
Clerk	C. E. Reyno
Transpers	O. Higg
Marshal	T. J. Bu
Marshal	T. J. But
Marshal Street Comp	nissioner Fred Mar B. B. Bit
Marshal Street Comp	nissioner T. J. But nissioner Fred Mar B. B. Bit L. V. Bets
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Marshal Street Comp	T. J. But
Marshal Street Comm Cemetery Tr	T. J. Bu Fred Mar Fred Mar B. B. Bi Ustcos L. V. Bets Chas. H. Gid L. L. Orv William San Bichard W. Gal
Marshal Street Comm Cemetery Tr	T. J. Bis Bis
Marshal Street Comm Cemetery Tr	T. J. Bis Bis
Marshal Street Count Cemetery Tr	T. J. Bu Fred Mar Fred Mar Fred Mar B. B. Bi B. B. Bi L. V. Bets Bichard W. Cal Sohn Vo. Theodrre Lud Jas. W. Han J. V. C. L. Hand J. V. C. L. Hand J. J. V. C. L. J. V. C. L
Marshal Street Count Cemetery Tr	T. J. Bis Fred Mar Fred Mar Fred Mar B. B. Bis B. B. Bis L. V. Bets L. L. Orr William San Eichard W. Gal John V. Goorge Hild J. V. C. George Hild Theodore Ludy Th
Marshal Street Count Cemetery Tr	T. J. Bis Bis
Marshal Street Count Cemetery Tr	T. J. Bis Fred Mar Fred Mar B. B. Bis
Marshal Street Count Cemetery Tr	T. J. Bis Bis
Marshal Street Comi Cemetery Tr Councilmen School Boar	T. J. Bis Fred Mar S. B.
Marshal Street Comi Cemetery Tr Councilmen School Boar	T. J. Bis Fred Mar Fred Mar B. B. Bis

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE OF HENRY CO
BARTLOW TOWNSHIP.
Joseph Fish, Jr Deshler
Rufus Hill "
DAMASCUS TOWNSHIP
W.C. JohnsonMcClure
John Love "
FLATROCK TOWNSHIP.
H. J. Kester Florida John F Curren "
FREEDOM TOWNSHIP.
Henry Gehrett
Charles Yarnell
HARRISON TOWNSHIP
H. R. HallNapoleon
LIBERTY TOWNSHIP.
Lewis A. Beilharz Liberty Center
J. A. Coleman
MARION TOWNSHIP.
J. P. DunbarHamler P. P. SpangterNew Bavaria
MONROE TOWNSHIP.
H. CrossmanNapoleon Frank FosterMalinta
NAPOLEON TOWNSHIP.
F. D. PrintisNapoleon
Geo. W. Fisk
PLEASANT TOWNSHIP.
G. W. Fisher
J. F. Einstle
RICHFIELD TOWNSHIP.
ALEXANDER POLICIAL DE LA CONTRACTOR DE L
C. L. Fast West Hope Dow Bretz, P. O. McClure
RIDGEVILLETOWNSHIP.
Jacob Wolf
WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP.

TOWNSHIP CEERKS,			
Township.	Olerk.	Postoffice.	
Bartlow	C.R. Stafford	Deabler	
Damascus	R. E. Croniger	McClure	
	D. G. Durbin		
	Henry Eggers		
Harrison	I. M. Click	Napoleon	
Liberty	Z. Pennock	Liberty Center	
Marion	G. F. Hayes		
Monroe	L. M. Grove	Napoteon	
Napoleon	B. Dittenhaver .	Napoleon	
PleasantV	Vm. Richholt	Holgate	
Bldgevitle	.F. A . Rowe	.Ridgeville Cor	
Richfield	H. D. Baker	West Hope	
Washington	Wm. Weirich	Colton	

TOWNSHIP CLERKS

FREE TRADE Trade your old home and hard lot in the East for a Red River Valley farm, where in a grant few years you gain a compet few years you gain a compet ence, which in your old age will be a sure PROTECTION



CHAPTER XIII. AFFAIRS OF THE HEART. As with pretty Ellen Maxey, so with the others. The end seemed to have been

When Mr. Dye stalked out of the artist's rooms and the shiny surface of his woebegone coat had vanished from Maxey's sight, it seemed as if every ray of light that tended to illuminate the double mystery, to solve which Maxey had stooped to a subterfuge, had vanished

Here at last the good artist and the other acute investigators reached a dead wall. Here every thread was broken. Here to all appearances the matter came to a hopeless termination. The several actors in the drama settled down to the more ordinary happenings of daily life. New matters, quite as absorbing, how-ever removed from the terrible, claimed their attention. The more vivid sensations of today gradually obscured the less vivid sensations of yesterday. They did not forget but they ceased to talk about the fateful night on the sea road and all that grew out of it.

Lamar was unhappy. He was a frequent visitor at the artist's rooms even now, when there was no longer any need of his professional services. He seemed to come there in his leisure moments as a refuge from himself. He was the most cheerful and witty of society, but the smile died on his lips when he crossed the threshold on his way out. It was as if a shadow fell upon him everywhere but here, as if the sun shone in only at the windows above the river, and all the rest of the world were dark.

Did Lamar know why this was? In a vague way perhaps, but he surely did not acknowledge it to himself and still preserve his relations with the Widow Forsythe and still come here. No; Lamar was not a man of that stamp. The day he really found himself out, that day would his visits cease.

As for the poor girl without a name, she gradually became a natural and necessary part of the artist's home circle. The time came when the face wore every day a smile, and somehow that smile opened a world of light and beauty in the place. In her art lessons she was making wonderful progress. The day that the knock at the outer door had startled teacher and pupil into a consciousness of how very close to each other their heads had come was scarcely the first and it was certainly not the last on which the phenomenon occurred. Such a very apt pupil was the girl with-

out a name, so devoted to art, so very earnest a teacher was Julian Maxey, so delighted with her achievements, that these little episodes were scarcely to be wondered at. But, however much the familiarity of daily association might bring these two together, there was still a barrier to a mutual understanding, for poor Miss Dye remained at heart the appeared at first. She became easy and he is now. This match must be broken natural and smiled because her sur- off. Yes, Julian, it is no longer useful roundings were bright and she was to disguise the truth, even if we could.

selves through all. Neither was she wholly happy. When

she thought herself alone, there were times when she sat with her head upon her hand, looking out over the lonesome river to the hills that made the backif she smiled at all it was through her tears. There was one thing that troubled her much. It was the sense of dependence and obligation. She could not feel satisfied to share in a prosperity to which she did not materially contribute. It was this that held her to an untiring attention and studiousness in her new occupation. She hoped to earn a livelihood with her pencil, and the enthusiastic Maxey, who partly realized what her feelings were, encouraged her in that hope. It is easy to make progress in a work one loves. Before she had been under his tuition a month Maxey told Dr. Lamar that her copies in crayon and charcoal were something marvelous for one whose instruction had been so limited. Maxey undertook to paint her face,

and she retaliated by making a pencil ketch of his features which was wonlerfully accurate. And so the days were

One morning Maxey awoke to a real zing sense of his situation. He loved. And why not? Was she not beautiful, ntelligent, refined, virtuous? Was she not in verity a woman of all women, uch as a man might be proud to be able o introduce to his friends as "my wife?" Was she any the less adorable because nobody knew the name of her father? Was the fact that she was nameless a parrier of a feather's weight? Not to a man like Maxey.

But yet he hesitated. With all his mpetuosity and impatience he was acsustomed to count the cost of a momen ous step before he took it, and the alernatives presented to him were painul. He had learned something of Anette's character. To place himself in he position of a suitor from any reason macceptable to her was equivalent to iriving a friendless girl from the only nome she had ever known. Not to place nimself in the position of a suitor was nover to know his own fate. When a young man is burning with the intoxication of a first great passion, this last is not possible.

So Maxey thought he would wait, and wait he did until he was brought to a sudden resolution in the matter in an unlooked for and extraordinary way. One afternoon when the artist was alone with his sister Ellen she introduced a grave topic. Nevertheless she tried to make her remark seem a casual

"Julian, do you know how Dr. Lamar came to be engaged?" Maxey looked at her with apprehension. He hesitated a little before he

made his reply.
"Not from his own lips, Ellen. I understand in a general way that it is a family affair. Of course you know that.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The Widow Försythe is very rich. She is understood to be very much in love with Lamar, and his mother, who is very anxious for her son's advancement, has set her heart upon it. Exactly how it came about no one knows. We know that Eustace was at Newport with her last summer, and that the pledges were passed toward the close of the season. But what is the use of repeating idle talk? I only know what people say, which is very poor authority."

"What do people say, Julian?" "Oh, you want that, too, even when it may not be true? Well, remembering that it is rumor—scandal perhaps is better word for it-the story is told to me that this Mrs. Forsythe, whose husband died while she was yet very young and left her with two-thirds of his immense fortune, has always used her great powers of fascination to break hearts. That has been her chief source of amusement and delight for years. The story is that Lamar was madly in love with her before she married Mr. Forsythe, but that she rejected him to make a wealthy alliance with that physical monstrosity. This last summer they met again after a separation of years. She showed him unusual favors and did her utmost to win him back. It is said that he resisted all her advances, but that she finally triumphed by somehow enticing his mother on her side. That might be easily so with a vain and worldly woman like Mrs. Lamar. They go on to say that this Mrs. Lamar hinted and pleaded and argued with her son antil finally, to rid himself of persecution, never dreaming that she would accept him, he so far forgot his dignity as to ask Mrs. Forsythe one evening if she had ever had cause to regret the little 'No' she had once given him. She told him 'Yes' with a warmth and fervor that took his breath away, and he had committed himself before he knew

"Just as I heard it, Julian. Was it not also said that this second proposal was a mockery, so coldly and contemptuously framed that any woman with a spark of self respect would have taken it as an insult?"

Miss Maxey spoke vehemently, with bright red spot in either cheek. The artist moved uneasily in his chair. "You know, Ellen, of how little value this gossip is."

"Let us not deceive ourselves, Julian. The 'gossip,' as you call it, comes most directly. I need hardly remind you that I have a friend who knows this Forsythe woman, who was with her last summer at Newport, and who has seen something of her since.

"Indeed!" cried Maxey. "This is news to me. I did not know it. Neither do I know Mrs. Forsythe."

Said Ellen earnestly: "Julian, I know of her. I know that she has a terrible, ungovernable temper. I do not believe she is a good woman. She would make same shy, timid creature that she had Lamar wretched, more wretched than young, but there were a native delicacy | Dr. Lamar neglects his business. He and sensitiveness that betrayed them- neglects it to come here. He no longer cares to be first in his profession as he

used. His reputation as a physician is in danger. You have heard as well as I that he has refused to take important cases, cases which it was in every way for his interest to take. You know it ground, and when she was sitting thus and cannot deny the reasons. This woman has him in her clutches, and from a false sense of honor, most creditable to himself, he refuses to break away. This is the plain truth, as you know, and I say again this match must be broken off!"

Every word of this had its effect. Maxey knew too well its force and its truth. There was no doubt that the philosophic physician had undergone a change in the past few months, and there was also good reason to believe that Miss Maxey had named the cause. But what could the artist do? He replied at last hesitatingly:

"Suppose I say yes, heartily yes, to not doubt the advisability of breaking off the match, but how?" "Who could do it better than your

self. Julian?" "You!" Maxey spoke bluntly, but so riously.

Ellen flashed a startled, apprehensive glance at her brother.

"You are not treating a serious matter seriously. Dr. Lamar has been very kind to us. We have no right to let him go blindfolded to a fate worse than death. You are his nearest friend. You

will, you must warn him!" "My dear sister, I have warned him and pleaded with him. How does he take it? He simply becomes angry, makes an admission to me that I am not at liberty to repeat and forbids me ever again to mention the subject. I feel that I have cleared my conscience-more, that I have done all that it is possible for me to do. Lamar is not a man one can advise as if he were a little child. No,

Ellen; seriously, it is your turn." "I? What a preposterous idea? What right have I to advise him? What would he think of me if-oh, no, Julian, never! could not mention the matter to him.'

"You are not so simple as to suppose meant that, Ellen. You are a woman and a bright woman. Is it necessary for you to say? Act! That is what I mean. Teach him. You can do it better than anybody else. I have no confidence that this marriage will ever take place. Already it has been delayed nearly a year. Who do you suppose is to blame for that? Not she surely. She is said so far to have seen the folly of her youthful error that she adores him now.

Ellen answered him in a low voice: been postponed at her own request. I have that from Lamar's sister.'

"Oh, you have!" Maxey regarded her with a fixed look. "You are so well innot feel competent to talk with you. Still I insist that my advice is good. You women have a wonderful nower in

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

earnest. But, dropping that for a time, I have something very serious to say to you. It is to me the most scrious subject in the world—our Annette."

"Well, what of our Annette?" "I want to make her my wife." Maxey was quite prepared to see his sister faint, to hear her scream or to give any other extreme vent to her feelings, but he was hardly prepared for entire calmness. Miss Maxey started, it is true, and drew a deep sigh, but when she did speak there was scarcely a trem-

ble in her voice. "I am well aware of that, Julian. Why don't you do it?" For a minute Maxey was too aston-

ished to speak. "Well aware of it! What do you

mean?" "I mean that I discerned it some time igo, Julian. You are not artful enough to keep such a matter to yourself. I ound it out, I dare say, before you did, and it made me very happy. You want my opinion, my brother? I will give it o you. In a worldly way some of your friends will say you have made a grave mistake, but in your own heart you will always be satisfied and happy. She is the most lovable girl I know. She will make the best wife in the world. I am sure of it. I say this with all my heart, Julian, with all my heart."

She tried to speak in a matter of fact one, but the tears came into her eyes. Maxey could hardly conceal his delight, though he answered abruptly:

"Pshaw, Ellen, you didn't think I wished to consult you about the wisdom of this step. I decided that for myself."

"Why then?" "Because I want you to advise meore, to help me. You know how sensitive Annette is. If once I place myself in the position of a lover before her, one of two things will happen. She will either accept me or leave the house. Now, I don't want her to leave the

Ellen answered him gravely. "But you have no choice, Julian. If she cannot be loved by you, she must, she ought to leave the house. After what you have said one of these things must be.

"Ellen, it is a terrible thing to dodeprive a poor girl of her home. Miss Maxey was very sober, but there was no hesitancy or faltering in her re-

ply. You are not to blame for loving her. You cannot avoid the consequences. Go did live down on the range. to her in a manly, straightforward fashion and tell her the truth." "Tell her the truth, the truth, of

the truth?" "I am sorry, Julian, that I cannot

tried to sound her, but on the subject of you her lips are sealed." "You don't say so?" cried Maxey, run-

stood up like a maniac's. "What does that signify, I wonder?" "It surely does not mean that she dislikes you. Don't ask me to say more, I

to accuse me of having raised false hopes in your mind." "And if she does not love me?" fal-

tered Maxey. "She does love you. Julian." Maxey sprang to his feet.

"Who told you that? How do you now? What did you mean then by raising false hopes?"

'To your first question, nobody. To your second, by instinct and observation.



Mareu sprang to his feet, To your third, it does not follow that

because she loves you she will consent to be your wife." Maxey, speechless, stared at his sister. "Does that seem strange to you? Oh, Julian, you do not know her as well as I do. The poor child has poured out her whole soul to me. She lives under a conall that you have said, what then? I do stant shadow. Yes, you need not start. She does, and it is the shadow of the past. I know you do not see it. She always smiles and looks happy when you are with her. But, depend upon it, she has moments, hours, when she broods and sorrows in silence. Julian, she is afraid the story of her birth is a story of shame, and that if it were known respectable people would look upon her with suspicion, would close their doors against her. That there is a doubt is your only chance. The day that it becomes a certainty, that day you will lose her for-

ever. Mark my words. I have been her mother, in a sense, and I know her. She would never disgrace or degrade the man she loves. Never! You must persuade her that her fears are groundless. "I? Indeed, Ellen, I need help in this natter, if I ever needed it in my life."

"Who can help you?" "You." "No. She would not take advice in such a matter. You will best win your own cause yourself. You are a man, and a bright man, and you can do it better than anybody else. You have a wonder-

ful power in such matters when you are really in earnest. My advice is, act!" Miss Maxey arose, smiled benignly upon her brother and left the room. "The dence!" thought Maxey. wants to be quits with me because I could not aid her with Lamar! But this is too serious a matter for triffing, alto-

gether too serious. What shall I do?" [CONTINUED.]

Mocha Coffee,

Everybody knows that much of the so called Mocha coffee sold in the United States is no such thing, but only a Unfortunately, Julian, I happen to few persons know how some of the counknow to the contrary. The marriage has terfeit Mocha is made. The berries growing on the highest limbs of the coffee tree in Brazil are often shriveled in the semblance of the true Mocha, and these are carefully set aside, shipped formed on this subject, Ellen, that I do to some port famous for Mocha coffee and sent thence to the western world as

the true thing. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

such matters when you are really in The Greatest Sufferers in the World

are women; their delicate organizaare women; their delicate organiza-tions being particularly susceptible to derangement and disease. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., purifies the blood and cures all the sicknesses peculiar to the sex; it fortifies the system against the disease incident to old age. It is the best medicine in the

Long Farms In Maine.

Maine probably has many oddly shap-

ed farms, but we doubt if one can b found more peculiar in form than that in the east part of Dexter, formerly

owned by the pioneer blacksmith Eli-jah W. Sprague. This was eight rods wide and a half mile long, with the highway cutting it at right angles into unequal portions. The inconvenience of so narrow a farm, with pasturage and woodland at one end, is obvious to any one, but in this form it has continued from the days of the forefathers to the present time, in use as a farm all the time. A farm only 20 rods wide and about half a mile long was in use a great many years near Farmington Falls and may be so used yet for all the writer knows, but the Dexter farm beats it by nearly two-thirds for narrowness and general oddity. Farms of this shape are numerous in Canada - Lewiston

Journal. Nearly Had Baby Spasms.

Napot.zon, O., June 7, 1894.—Hand Medi-cine Co.—My baby at three months old had colic so badly we feared spasms. My hus-band ran tothe druggrat for "soothing syrup," Our physician was present when he called for it and advised him to try Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. We did so. We have used near ly three bottles, and baby is the most pleas ant, bright, laughing baby I ever saw, and I am convinced we owe it all to Dr. Hand's Colic Care.-Mrs. Arthur Simmons. Sold by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, O. 25c.

The Cowboy and the Folding Bed. A cowboy up from the Texas panhandle was a guest at the house, and as the clerk who attended to him is still in Denver we will allow him to tell the story in his own way: "He had on store clothes and a red necktie, and what he didn't know wasn't worth knowing. When he started up to his room at night, I told him there was a folding bed in it, and, if he wished, the bellboy would show him how it worked. But not much. He didn't want to be shown anything. He knew a thing or

two about the city, he did, even if he "So I let him go, and next morning he paid his bill without a word and went away. About noon I happened to course—but—but what will she say to be on that floor, and a chambermaid called me to take a look in his room. And what a sight met my eyes! The elp you. I have foreseen this. I have bottom drawer of the bureau was pulled out as far as it would come, and in it were all the rugs in the room, with a towel spread over one end for a pillow. ning his hand through his hair till it Evidently he had tried to sleep there, for pinned upon the glass was a sarcas tic legend reading: 'Gol dern yore folding beds. Why don't you make 'em longer and put more kivvers onto 'em? do not wish that you shall ever be able Mebbe you expect a man to stand up and sleep in your durned old cubberd. The 'durned old cubberd' was one of our best folding beds."-Denver Field and

> Farm. Kenneth Bazemore had the good fortune to receive a small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholers and Diarrhoea Remedy when three members of his family were sick with dysen ery. This one small bottle cured them all and he had some left which he gave to Geo. W. Baker, a prominent merchant of the place, Lewiston, N. C., and it cured him of the same complaint. When troubled morbus, give this remedy a trial and you will be more than pleased with the result. The praise that naturally follows its introduction and use has made it very popular. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon Ohio.

HAVE YOU INDIGESTION?

Perhaps There Is a Hint For You In This Story of Some Alling Chickens. "Troubled with indigestion, are you?" Feel all puffed up, eh? Well, it's a pity that some one couldn't treat you the way my brother-in-law's wife treated her chickens. That was when they lived

out in Lewistown, Pa." "Going to tell us another story now, I suppose, like those about catching herring in the grass and hunting shad with a dog and gun, ain't you?"

Without paying any attention to this slighting remark the Jerseyman went

"My brother-in-law's wife had a fine crop of chickens that summer. They were all hatched that spring and were growing well when one day the whole flock got at a bag of dry commeal and filled their crops full of it. The first thing my brother-in-law's wife knew of this was when the meal began to swell and turn sour, and the whole troop of chickens were waddling around with crops twice their regular size and every chicken looking like the bass Brewing Co. drummer in a German band. You see, the chickens either had got at water too soon or else didn't have gravel enough in their crops to grind up the meal, and it wouldn't digest and seemed likely to burst them.

"There was no one by to give help or advice, and my brother-in-law's wife wasn't going to lose that lot of more than 100 fine chickens if she could help it, so she started right in to do the best she could. The children caught the chickens and brought them to her, and with her buttonhole scissors she cut a slit in each one of their crops. She squeezed out the cornmeal, washed their crops out and sewed them up again. The chickens seemed grateful. They were kept quiet for a couple of days, fed lightly, and every one of them recovered. "-New York Sun.

My boy was taken with a disease resembling bloody flux. The first thing I thought of was Chamberlain's Colic. Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Two doses of it settled the matter and cured him sound and well. I heartily recommend this remedy to all perons suffering from a like complaint. I will answer any inquiries regarding it when stamp is inclosed. I refer to any county official as to my reliability. WM. Reach, J. P., Primroy, Campbell Co., Tenn. For sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napole in Ohio. Im

Explaining a Blank. The above space is reserved for two very funny jokes that we thought of the other day, but unfortunately cannot recall at the present writing .- Jewish Messenger.

A return of memory sometimes oc curs in drunkenness, as in the case of the Irish porter who, having lost a package while drunk, got drunk again and remembered where he had left it.

The Laughing Owl. One of the most fantastic of birds is

the laughing owl of Florida and some other southern parts. He sits well up in a tree at night and emits a series of loud, strange ha-has that sound like WILL attend to calls intown and country. Or half harman language. The sound is sufficiently terrifying to a nervous camper unacquainted with the habit of the bird, though less grewsome than the unearthly call of the Chesapeake loon heard at all hours of the night along the

shores of that bay.

Electric Bitters. This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is gauranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affection caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as our all Malarial fe-vers. For cure of headache, constipa-tion and indigestion try Electric Bit-ters. Entire satisfaction gauranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cts.and or money refunded. Price 50 cts.and \$1,00 per bottle at D. J. Humphrey's

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